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# MANUAL OF PRACTICE

## ORATORY AND EXPRESSION

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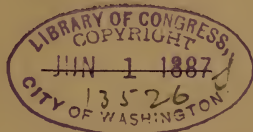


MANUAL OF PRACTICE  
IN  
ORATORY AND EXPRESSION.

DESIGNED TO FURNISH, IN CONVENIENT FORM, A FEW CHOICE  
EXERCISES AND SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE AND CLASS  
DRILL IN CONNECTION WITH THE STUDY OF THE  
PRINCIPLES OF ORATORY AND EXPRESSION.

*Lucius  
A. Butterfield*  
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IN DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.



BOSTON:  
R. H. BLODGETT, 30 BROMFIELD ST.  
1887.

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# MANUAL OF PRACTICE.

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## **Purity of Tone.**

1. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

---

2. I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

---

3. You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,  
How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

---

4. A blind man would know that one was a gentleman  
and the other a clown by the tones of their voices.

### Projection of Tone

1. Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight — ho ! scatter  
flowers, fair maids :  
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute — ho ! gallants, draw  
your blades.  

---
2. The splendor falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story ;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  

---
3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  

---
4. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome home again !  

---

### Fullness and Breadth.

1. O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,  
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap  
With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
When he took off the gyves.  
A bearded man,  
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand  
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,  
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs  
Are strong with struggling.



2.

The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man.

---

3. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !
- 

4. It is done !  
Clang of bell and roar of gun !  
Send the tidings up and down.  
How the belfries rock and reel !  
How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !
- 

### Practice in Articulation.

1. The coming and going of the birds is more or less a mystery and a surprise. We go out in the morning, and no thrush or finch is to be heard ; we go out again, and every tree and grove is musical ; yet again, and all is silent. Who saw them come ? Who saw them depart ?

---

2. Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies ;  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower — but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.

3. The day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.
- 

4. O, how our organ can speak with its many and wonderful  
 voices!—  
 Play on the soft lute of love, blow the loud trumpet of  
 war,  
 Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapa-  
 son,  
 Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and  
 stops.
- 

5. Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail  
 you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places  
 which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence  
 where we are passing, and shall soon have passed, our own  
 human duration.

We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers.  
 We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant  
 fields of New England. We greet your accession to the  
 great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you  
 to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

---

### **Inflections.**

#### *Falling Inflections.*

1. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any,  
 speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude that  
 would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I  
 offended. Who's here so vile that will not love his country?  
 If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

2. Now for the fight, — now for the caannon peal, —  
Forward, — through blood and toil and cloud and fire !
- 

3. How far, O Catiline ! wilt thou abuse our patience ?  
How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career ? To  
what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity ?

---

*Rising Inflections.*

1. Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted  
to secure the Palatium ? Nothing, by the city guards ?  
Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens ? Nothing, by the  
assembling of the Senate in this fortified place ? Nothing,  
by the averted looks of all here present ?

---

2. Wouldst thou lack that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?
- 

*Rising and Falling Inflections.*

1. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.

---

2. Can honor set a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or  
take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honor hath no  
skill in surgery, then ? No. What is honor ? A word.  
What is that word, honor ? Air. Who hath it ? He that  
died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear  
it ? No. Is it insensible, then ? Yes, to the dead. But  
will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction  
will not suffer it.

*Circumflex Inflections.*

1. What should I say to you? Sould I not say,  
Hath a dog money? is it possible,  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?
- 

2. If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry:  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track!  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back  
Neither can you crack a nut.
- 

**Monotone.**

1. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, —  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded, —  
Leave not a rack behind.
- 

**Whisper.**

1. All heaven and earth are still, — though not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep.
- 

**Aspirated Tone.**

1. Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by?  
Came not faint whispers near?
- 
2. And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better, by far,  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

# SELECTIONS.

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## TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

MY LORDS — I rise with astonishment to see these papers brought to your table at so late a period of this business ; papers, to tell us what ? Why, what all the world knew before ; that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

2. Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not. But full well I knew at that time that this child, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a man. Full well I knew that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution, and once breathing the same liberal air, as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles and on the same occasions.

3. What has government done ? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty ; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the impolicy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that, if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

4. It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but in the progress of fifteen hundred miles can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up, like hydras, in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition? Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely not. A victory must be to them a defeat; and carnage, a sacrifice.

5. But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whig in this country and in Ireland is with them. Who, then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice?

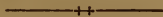
6. I do not mean to level at any one man, or any particular set of men; but thus much I will venture to declare, that if His Majesty continues to hear such counselors, he will not only be badly advised, but undone. He may continue, indeed, to wear his crown; but it will not be worth his wearing. Robbed of so principal a jewel as America, it will lose its luster, and no longer beam that effulgence which should irradiate the brow of majesty.

7. In this alarming crisis, I come, with this paper in my hand, to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that an humble petition be presented to His Majesty, beseeching him, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him that immediate orders

be given to General Gage for removing His Majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

8. And this, my lords, upon the most mature and deliberate grounds, is the best advice I can give you at this juncture. Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood. There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck, which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed will cause a wound which may never be healed.

LORD CHATHAM.



## THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

### I.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !"

### II.

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every art.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, " Ere long we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch  
As ever weathered a wintry sea !"

### III.

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day

Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched ;  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

## IV.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

## V.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage-day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray, old sea.

## VI.

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waves his hand ;



And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

## VII.

And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say, —  
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms!”

## VIII.

How beautiful she is! how fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

## IX.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,

Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge, and what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

## X.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;  
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee :  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## THE GLORIES OF MORNING.

I HAD occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades, just above the

horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

2. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of the sky began to soften ; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens ; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of dawn.

3. The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance ; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

4. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told, that, in this enlightened age and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."

EDWARD EVERETT.

## UNION AND LIBERTY.

## I.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through our battle-fields' thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

## II.

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;  
While through the sounding sky,  
Loud rings the nation's cry, —  
Union and liberty! — one evermore!

## III.

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,  
Pride of her children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

## IV.

Empire unsceptred! what foe shall assail thee,  
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,  
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

## V.

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,  
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

## VI.

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun!

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?  
Keep us, O keep us, the Many in One!

## VII.

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;  
While through the sounding sky,  
Loud rings the nation's cry,—  
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!

O. W. HOLMES.



## CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues?

2. And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

3. We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the arti-

cles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

4. For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

LORD MACAULAY.



## LOCHINVAR.

### I.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West, —  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!  
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none, —  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

### II.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

## III.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
" O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? " —

## IV.

" I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied ; —  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

## V.

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
" Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

## VI.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."



## VII.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung :  
 " She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and scar ;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

## VIII.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :  
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

I HEAR much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word ? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income in order to save your whole property ? This is very simple arithmetic ; and he that hesitates, deserves contempt rather than indignation.

2. Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be in-



volved in the general ruin ; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifices which the government demands of you.

3. I exhort you, then, most earnestly, to vote these extraordinary supplies ; and God grant they may prove sufficient ! Vote them, I beseech you ; for, even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once, for the crisis does not admit of delay ; and, if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences.

4. Beware of asking for time. Misfortune accords it never. While you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it is but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, “ Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate.” We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome ; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now are we threatened with a real danger ; bankruptcy, national bankruptcy, is before you ; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor, — and yet you deliberate.

MIRABEAU.

---

## THE RISING IN 1776.

### I.

OUT of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.  
And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet;  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.

## II.

Within its shade of elm and oak  
The church of Berkley Manor stood;  
There Sunday found the rural folk,  
And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
In vain their feet with loitering tread  
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;  
All could not read the lesson taught  
In that republic of the dead.

## III.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
The vale with peace and sunshine full  
Where all the happy people walk,  
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!  
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;  
And every maid with simple art,  
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
A bud whose depths are all perfume;  
While every garment's gentle stir  
Is breathing rose and lavender.

## IV.

The pastor came; his snowy locks  
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;

And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
He led into the house of prayer.  
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;  
The psalm was warrior David's song;  
The text, a few short words of might, —  
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!”

## V.

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
Of sacred rights to be secured;  
Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for Freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle-brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant king.

## VI.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

## VII.

A moment there was awful pause, —  
When Berkley cried, “Cease, traitor! cease!  
God's temple is the house of peace!”

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause;  
His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers,  
That frown upon the tyrant foe;  
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,  
There is a time to fight and pray!"

## VIII.

And now before the open door —  
The warrior priest had ordered so —  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,  
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty death must wake and hear.  
And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead, with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before:  
It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

## IX.

"Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came, —  
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?"  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

T. B. READ.

**BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!**

## I.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

## II.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

## III.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

## IV.

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

A. TENNYSON.

**JUSTICE.**

IN this world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I

tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing.

2. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In Heaven's name, No!"

3. Thy "success?" Poor fellow, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing.

4. It is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

5. Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

6. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot

hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England ; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it ; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland : no, because brave men rose there and said, " Behold, ye must not tread us down as slaves ; and ye shall not, and cannot ! "

7. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be : but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

T. CARLYLE.



## A PSALM OF LIFE.

### I.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream !  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

### II.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

## III. .

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

## IV.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, thou stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

## V.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife !

## VI.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act, — act in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

## VII.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ; —

## VIII.

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.



## IX.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## ZENOBIA'S AMBITION.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was not ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. That I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?

2. I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less. But why pause here? Is so much ambition praiseworthy, and more criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt, on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine, on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win?

3. Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the East. Longinus is right, — I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

4. Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged?—What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I ~~t~~renched upon? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than within you. The foundation of my throne is not more power, than love.

5. Suppose now, my ambition adds another province to our realm. Is it an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal Odenatus, we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

6. This is no vain boasting:—receive it not so, good friends. It is but truth. He who traduces himself, sins with him who traduces another. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and will bear it-

7. But I have spoken, that you may know your queen,—not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I am ambitious,—that I crave dominion, and while I live will reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a

throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too,— you can bear me witness that I do,— that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

WILLIAM WARE.



## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

### I.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

### II.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered!  
Theirs not to make reply;  
Theirs not to reason why;  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

### III.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered:

Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well ;  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

## IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered !  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke :  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back ; but not —  
Not the six hundred.

## V.

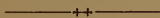
Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered :  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them —  
Left of six hundred.

## VI.

When can their glory fade ?  
O the wild charge they made !

All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade, —  
Noble six hundred !

A. TENNYSON.



### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

IF I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

2. Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, — the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most war-

like blood in Europe, — the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, — the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

3. Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temple with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro, — rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons, — anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

4. Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

5. You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put

Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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## THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

### I.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

### II.

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —  
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

### III.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,



And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

## IV.

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—" The foe ! They come ! they  
come ! "

## V.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave — alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

## VI.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn, the marshaling in arms — the day,



Battle's magnificently stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

LORD BYRON.

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### SYMPATHY WITH THE GREEKS.

AND has it come to this ? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, — that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties ? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

2. How shall it run ? “We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,” — I cannot go through the disgusting recital ! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave !

3. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven ? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils ?

4. If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

5. Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" — or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

HENRY CLAY.



## THE OLD CLOCK.

### I.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient time-piece says to all:  
    "Forever — never!  
    Never — forever!"

### II.

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands

From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass :

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

III.

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door :

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

IV.

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood ;  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe :

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

V.

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning time-piece never ceased :

“ Forever — never !

Never — forever ! ”

## VI.

There groups of merry children played ;  
There youths and maidens, dreaming, strayed.  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told :  
    “ Forever — never !  
    Never — forever ! ”

## VII.

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding-night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that follow'd prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair :  
    “ Forever — never !  
    Never — forever ! ”

## VIII.

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient time-piece makes reply :  
    “ Forever — never !  
    Never — forever ! ”

## IX.

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death and time shall disappear  
Forever there, but never here !

The horologe of eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly:

“Forever — never !

Never — forever !”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## THE ELOQUENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.

THE controversy with England being in effect the business of his life, facts, dates, and particulars made an impression which was never effaced. He was prepared, therefore, by education and discipline as well as by natural talent and natural temperament, for the part which he was now to act.

2. The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions are excited, nothing is valuable in speech farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

3. True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

4. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men,

when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decisions of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.



### MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

#### I.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee, and above,  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge. But when I look again  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity.

#### II.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer  
I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, —  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it, —  
Thou, the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,  
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy ;  
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing — there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

## III.

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !  
Green vales and icy cliffs ! all join my hymn !

## IV.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !  
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald — wake ! O wake ! and utter praise !  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

## V.

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
Forever shattered, and the same forever ?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?  
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—  
“ Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ” ?

## VI.

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain —  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

## VII.

“ God ! ” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer ! and let the ice-plain echo, “ God ! ”  
“ God ! ” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice !  
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “ God ! ”

## VIII.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !  
Utter forth “ God ! ” and fill the hills with praise !

## IX.

Thou too, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene



Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—  
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou  
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow traveling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud  
To rise before me,—rise, oh, ever rise!  
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE



### ARRAIGNMENT OF CATILINE.

How far, O Catiline! wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present?

2. Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed?—that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to the knowledge of every man here in the Senate?—that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted?

3. O, the times! O, the morals of the times! The Senate understand all this. The Consul sees it. And yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council,—presumes to take part in our deliberations,—and, with his

calculating eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, the while, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we do but succeed in warding off this madman's sword and fury!

4. Long since, O Catiline! ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the destruction thou hast been plotting against others! There was in Rome that virtue *once*, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. For thee, Catiline, we have still a law. Think not, because we are forbearing, that we are powerless.

5. We have a statute,—though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard,—a statute which makes thy *life* the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I do not doubt that all good men would say that the punishment, instead of being too cruel, was only too long deferred.

6. But, for sufficient reasons, I will a while postpone the blow. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is to be found, so lost to reason, so depraved, so like *thyself*, that he will not admit the sentence was deserved. While there is one man who ventures to defend thee, live!

7. But thou shalt live so beset, so hemmed in, so watched, by the vigilant guards I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy variest whisper. Thou shalt be seen and heard when thou dost not dream of a witness near. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice.

8. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret projects clear as noonday, what canst thou now devise? Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt; there is nothing thou canst contrive, propose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in

providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction !

CICERO.



### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

#### I.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,  
Fair as a garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

#### II.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town,  
Forty flags with their silvery stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

#### III.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;  
In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

## IV.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.  
“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.  
It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;  
She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

## V.

“ Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.  
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word :  
“ Who touches a hair of yon grey head,  
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

## VI.

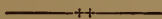
All day long through Frederick Street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;  
All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host ;  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;  
And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

## VII.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.  
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below at Frederick town.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



## THE CHARCOAL MAN.

### I.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,  
And sifting snows fall white and fast,  
Mark Haley drives along the street,  
Perched high upon his wagon seat ;  
His sombre face the storm defies,  
And thus from morn till eve he cries, —

“Charco' ! charco' !”

While echo faint and far replies, —

“Hark, O ! hark, O !”

“Charco' !” — “Hark, O !” — Such cheery sounds  
Attend him on his daily rounds.

### II.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat ;  
His coat is darker far than that ;  
'Tis odd to see his sooty form  
All speckled with the feathery storm ;  
Yet in his honest bosom lies  
Nor spot nor speck, — though still he cries, —

“Charco' ! charco' !”

And many a roguish lad replies,—  
    “Ark, ho ! ark, ho !”  
“Charco !”—“Ark, ho !”—Such various sounds  
Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

## III.

Thus all the cold and wintry day  
He labors much for little pay ;  
Yet feels no less of happiness  
Than many a richer man, I guess,  
When through the shades of eve he spies  
The light of his own home, and cries,—  
    “Charco’ ! charco’ !”  
And Martha from the door replies,—  
    “Mark, ho ! Mark, ho !”  
“Charco’ !”—“Mark, ho !”—Such joy abounds  
When he has closed his daily rounds.

## IV.

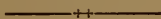
The hearth is warm, the fire is bright ;  
And while his hand, washed clean and white,  
Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,  
His glowing face bends fondly o’er  
The crib wherein his darling lies,  
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—  
    “Charco’ ! charco’ !”  
And baby with a laugh replies,—  
    “Ah, go ! ah, go !”  
“Charco’ !”—“Ah, go !”—while at the sounds  
The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

## V.

Then honored be the charcoal-man !  
Though dusky as an African,  
’Tis not for you, that chance to be

A little better clad than he,  
His honest manhood to despise,  
Although from morn till eve he cries,—  
    “Charco’! charco’!”  
While mocking echo still replies,—  
    “Hark, O! hark, O!”  
“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Long may the sounds  
Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



### DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

2. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

3. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

4. It is for us, the living rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the

last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



### ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

#### I.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night !  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

#### II.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—  
Take them, and give me my childhood again !  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap ; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

#### III.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;



Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain  
Long I to-night for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me to sleep !

## IV.

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone ;  
No other worship abides and endures,—  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours :  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

## V.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old ;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light ;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore ;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

## VI.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since last I listened your lullaby song :  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep ;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep !

ELIZABETH AKERS.

## HEARTY READING.

CURIOSITY is a passion very favorable to the love of study, and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second; and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable: but you do not care *how* light and sound travel. Very likely: but *make* yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, *pretend* to care, make believe to care, and very soon you *will* care, and care so much, that you will sit for hours thinking about light and sound, and be extremely angry with any one who interrupts you in your pursuits; and tolerate no other conversation but about light and sound; and catch yourself plaguing everybody to death who approaches you, with the discussion of these subjects.

2. I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle: do it lightly, and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength, and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy, is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it.

3. To sit with your Livy before you, and hear the geese cackling that saved the Capitol; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian sutlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ, and heaping them into bushels; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of, that when anybody knocks at the door, it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study, or in the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face, and admiring the splendor of his single eye; this is the only kind of study which is not tiresome; and almost the only kind which is not useless; this is the knowledge which gets into the system, and which a

man carries about and uses like his limbs, without perceiving that it is extraneous, weighty, or inconvenient.

SIDNEY SMITH.



### BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

*Cas.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this :  
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember !  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, ay,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ! ay, more : fret, till your proud heart break ;  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier ;  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am armed so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection:—I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;  
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;  
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !— There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus,—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.*— Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.



### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

#### I.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteen of April in Seventy-five :  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

#### II.

He said to his friend,—“ If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

#### III.

Then he said “ Good night ! ” and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war :  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar

Across the moon, like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

## IV.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till, in the silence around him, he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

## V.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,  
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen, and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

## VI.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"



## VII.

A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

## VIII.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

## IX.

And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

## X.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :

That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

## XI.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river-fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

## XII.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

## XIII.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

## XIV.

You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

## XV.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,—  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore !  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

## I.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?  
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?  
That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine ;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine.

## II.

In March, December, and in July,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

## III.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he ?  
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,  
His voice was like the voice of three.  
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,  
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;  
And any man who passed her door,  
Might see how poor a hut she had.

## IV.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,  
And then her three hours' work at night !  
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,  
Her hut was on a cold hill-side,  
And in that country coals are dear,  
For they come far by wind and tide.

## V.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage,  
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer day;  
Then at her door the canty dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

## VI.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
O! then how her old bones would shake!  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and dread;  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed,  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

## VII.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout,  
And scattered many a lusty splinter,  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

## VIII.

Now when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could anything be more alluring,  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?

And now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

## IX.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake,  
And vow'd that she should be detected,  
And he on her would vengeance take.  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take,  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

## X.

And once behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
—He hears a noise — he's all awake —  
Again ! — on tiptoe down the hill  
He softly creeps — 'Tis Goody Blake !  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

## XI.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :  
Stick after stick did Goody pull :  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had fill'd her apron full.  
When with her load she turn'd about,  
The by-road back again to take,  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

## XII.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed  
To God that is the Judge of all.

## XIII.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm,—  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray :  
Young Harry heard what she had said,  
And icy cold he turn'd away.

## XIV.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill :  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,  
Alas that day for Harry Gill !  
That day he wore a riding coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he :  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

## XV.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,  
And blankets were about him pinn'd :  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.

And Harry's flesh it fell away ;  
And all who see him say 'tis plain,  
That live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

## XVI.

No word to any man he utters,  
Abed or up, to young or old ;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
" Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
Abed or up, by night or day,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still :  
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

WORDSWORTH.



## SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

## I.

UP from the south at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan — twenty miles away.

## II.

And wilder still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar,  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold



As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan — twenty miles away.

## III.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down ;  
And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight —  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;  
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,  
With Sheriden fifteen miles away.

## IV.

Still sprung from these swift hoofs, thundering South,  
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

## V.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.  
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire —  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

## VI.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ; —  
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both,  
Then striking his spurs with a muttered oath,  
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;  
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
“ I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester down to save the day ! ”

## VII.

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !  
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !  
And when their statues are placed on high  
Under the dome of the Union sky, —  
The American soldier's temple of Fame, --  
There, with the glorious General's name,  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :  
“ Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight  
From Winchester — twenty miles away ! ”

T. B. READ.

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